A SCRAP OF RISTORY

WHEN JOHN TODD FIRST CAME TO the town of Chidley he was a youth of sixteen. He was tall and thin, though his frame was shapely and gave promise of future strength. His head was large and firmly set, his forehead low and broad, his face oval, his nose straight and somewhat wide at the nostrils, his mouth large, with red, prominent lips, and his chin square and sharply cut. His flaxen hair hung close to his neck in heavy curls, and his cheeks were ruddy. He had a pleasant way with him and soon became a favorite with old Redman's customers. Redman, you must know, was the grocer of the town, and John, his only sister's son, had come to learn the business and be company for the childless old

John Todd was an industrious youth and soon proved a great help to his uncle. Old man was deacon of a church and was held in high esteem as a man of gifts. He was the life and soul of a revival, and could exhort for a longer time and in a louder voice than any deacon within twenty miles. He was likewise powerful in prayer and could always revive a powerful in prayer and could always revive a lagging hymn with a few well-directed tones that seemed to drive on the tune and rouse the congregation like a sudden breeze sends the slowly drifting craft through the water and changes the dull swell into crested billows. Though the deacon was pleased with his nephew's industry and general conduct, yet one thing sadly grieved him. The boy went to church regularly on the Lord's day, but did not seem to take that interest in religious things which his uncle terest in religious things which his uncle would have desired. He never went to Sunday school or prayer meeting, but instead walked through the woods and lanes, sometimes alone, sometimes with a companion or two, running, leaping, vaulting, lifting and hurling heavy weights, and developing into an athlete. Things went on this way until he passed his

nineteenth year, when there was a great re-ligious awakening in Chidley. The Rev. Gideon Thrasher, a celebrated revivalist, was the preacher. He was a powerfully made man of middle height, with muscles of iron and tongue of flame. He seemed to mow down sinners with the breath of his nostrils. He was at home One night John Todd went to meeting and sat far back on a bench under the side gallery. The discourse was terrific and numbers went forward to the altar. John listened attentively and watched the work go on. Presently the preacher announced his intention of going through the congregation and personally urging the unconverted to go to the front and seek religion. Seeing the bright face and sturdy form of John far away back and recognizing him as the nephew of pious Deacon Redman the preacher made straight for him and urged him to join the bard of seekers. John declined his invitation and told him that when he felt like Dencon Redman, seeing Brother Gideon talking with his nephew, rejoiced greatly in spirit and stood upon a bench to have a better view of the promised work of grace. Just then the preacher put his arms around John as though to raise him bodily. John's brow grew knit and his face flushed. At first he felt as though he would resist the man of God personally with muscle and limb, but he was a modest youth withal and not fond of a scene, and, therefore, chose instead to cling with foot and hand to the bench. Brother Gideon gave a tug and the deacon could not refrain from aiding with word of mouth. So, raising his hands, he cried aloud "Hallelujah! Go into the highways and bedges and convert the cover in ""

nd compel them to come in?"
Roused and invigorated by this clarion note Roused and invigorated by this clarion note the preacher gave a mighty shout. 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' Then he put his strength into the work and amid the deep silence which followed his outery was heard the wrenching and ripping and tearing and splintering of wood, accompanied by heavy breathing, followed by the shuffling of the preacher's feet as he slid slowly into the aisle bearing in his arms the study routh who still bearing in his arms the sturdy youth, who still clung to the fragments of the shattered bench. Thus, with all eyes on the spot, the preacher cried: "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" And, in tones that startled even his nephew, the deacon shouted, "Stand still and see the salvation of God."

esh and irritates of the bench, he dropped to be floor, the preacher, meanwhile, clinging to him. Finding that John had ceased to resist Brother Gideon released him except that he held him gently by the right arm as he essaved to lead him down the aisle to the altar. The old Adam,however, was now thoroughly aroused in John Todd, and, just as Brother Gideon ifted up his voice and shouted, "The Lord casteth down that He may lift up," John drove his right foot with much power against the heels of the preacher. And, lo, his feet flew into the air and his nether part struck the floor amid a great outery and commotion, chiefly among the sisters, John Todd walked back to he had been sitting, picked his hat from

man never spoke to his nephew except when business required. As for John, he went about his work as usual, but he forsook his uncle's of worship, and attached himself to a Episcopal church instead. This was a great blow to the pious deacon, but he made no sign. Things went on thus, John still spending his leisure, which was not much, lanes and woods, developing limb muscle, growing broad-shouldered, chested and long-winded, looking a young athlete and giving eview of a mighty reserve of strength. Out in record of a Sunday or better the strength of the actions of the gentler sex.

acter and had been in state prison, it was boldly said, for highway robbery. One day Henshaw entered the deacon's store and spoke gruffly, accusing the deacon of having supplied him with inferior tobacco and cigars. The deacon said the articles were good for the price and exactly the same as Henshaw had previously praised. Henshaw gave the deacon the lie, whereupon the deacon, going to his desk in the sitting room behind the store, brought out his old-fashioned tiu money box. counted out his old-fashioned tin money box, counted out \$23, and placing them before Henshaw, said: Philip Henshaw, there's the money you paid

want no more of your custom."

Grasping the notes, Henshaw hurled them wrathfully in the deacon's face, saying, "You darned old hyprocrite, do you take me for a

"Others do, if I don't," the deacon replied, quietly; whereupon Henshaw uttered an oath and stamped toward the end of the counter, with the evident intention of attacking the old man. Before he could turn round the counter, John Todd was upon him, and, seizing him from behind, pinioned his arms at the elbows, turned him with his face toward the door, and rushing him out to the edge of the curb, gave him a final push which sent him sprawling into the middle of the street. Glaring around like a stricken wild beast. Henshaw gathered himself together and rushed at John Todd. The young man stood with head thrown back and arms supple and feet firmly planted awaiting arms supple and feet firmly planted awaiting

As Henshaw flung himself forward, the young man warily received the assault and warded off the blows. Seeing Henshaw fumbling in his upon him and gave him a royal pummeling, leaving him prone in the gutter. Then John Todd stood in the doorway until Henshaw arose and sneaked off, with the scowl and growl of a balked hyens, whereupon John

turned and entered the store, to be met by his uncle, who, facing him, put his left hand upon his shoulder, saying: "John, thou art a brave lad." Then the deacon's voice failed him and his right hand sought John's and grasped it warnly.

Thus the ice was broken and for eighteer

The descon's righteous wrath was ter-John bore the outburst of wrath meekly,

months all was pleasant between uncle and nephew. But, alas, all too soon, a grievous trouble came. John was now of age and had saved a good deal of money out of the liberal calary paid to him by the descon. The young man, as before said, had attached himself to a small Episcopal church in the town where high church principles prevailed. Here he made the acquaintence of Alice Kilmer. where high church principles prevailed. Here he made the acquaintence of Alice Kilmar, a lovely girl of nineteen, with golden hair and eyes of blue and lips of ruby, and pleasant, sample ways and a temper sweet as an angel's John fell in love with Alice and told his uncle in a manly way that he was going to marry her. The descon's righteous wrath was ter-

That night John packed his trunk and quitted his uncle's house. Within a week he married Alice and settled down to quiet home life at her mother's. The very day after the wedding John was superintending the removal of the front of a house situated on the main street, not more than 400 yards from the deacon's. This house was owned by Mrs. Kilmar, and it was soon known that John Todd was going to convert part of it into a store and start a grocery. The work went on apace and John expected to begin business before the honeymoon was over. Three nights after the work was begun John, happening to pass the place, sew a fitful gleam of light in the rear, and on going thither found that three tramps had taken possession of an outhouse and kindled a fire there. He speedily ousted them and put out the embers. Every night afterward he visited the house, for he didn't want a fire to burn down the place and postpone the opening of his new store.

following was stormy. At night it cleared densely packed.

somewhat, but a chilly wind blew. His wife John Todd's eyes went round the throng, and

day clothes," said John.
"Take these shears," Alice replied; "you can reach further and cut more easily with and see the salvation of God."

"Take these shears," Alice replied; "you can reach further and cut more easily with them."

So John took the large blunt-ended shears in his overcost pocket and went out into the garden. When he had lopped the offending twigs he returned the shears to his pocket and started for his new store. Reaching the place he stepped within the walls, intending to walk along the planking to the rear. As he approached a window from which the sashes had been removed, something was slung over the sill from the outside. John paused and the wind brought to his ear the sound of a man's voice. Drawing near to the window, he could see the salvation of God."

As these wonderful yet familiar words passed his nephew's fixed with a look of blank amazement. The tears scemed to flow in upon his soul and chill it, and he staggered backward and fell into his scat like one stricken by heaven.

Then Constable Joe Sissons was sworn, and told his story of the capture of the burglar, amid the preathless attention of all in court. As an effective finish he placed the deacon's money box on the bench in front of the squire. Then Phil Henshaw corroborated Constable Joe, and the poor old deacon, turning his eyes away as though he loathed the very sight of it, indentified the cash box.

It was John Todd's say now. Simply and unaffectedly he related what the readers already

The voice said: "Joe, close up your lantern or some one may see the light." A voice said something in reply and next moment a hand appeared and placed a bull's-eye lantern on the top of the ulster. Then the two persons began to converse in tones distinctly audible to John Todd.

Know. When he reached the point of his story where he told how he saw something flung over the windowsill, he said:

"Your honor, I request at this point that neither Phil Henshaw nor Constable Joe be allowed to quit the court room and that your

"That's all right," was the reply; "in fact I never thought of taking the money until I knew the deacon would be out of the way. Parson Wood's very sick and the deacon sits up all night with him. Smalls, the miller, dropped in to see me this afternoon on his way home the said, he and the said and the in to see me this aftermoon on his way home from church and got a flask of whisky, because, as he said, he and the deacon had to sit up all night with the parson, and they would need comfort. Strike me, Joe, if the thing didn't flash upon me in an instant that, once the old man was away, you and I could make a haul." "But what made you think of me?" asked the constable in a half-suspicious tone. "Because I knew that it couldn't be done un-

less you agreed to join in," was the answer: "because, ye see, you're always on the watch nights and nothing escapes you." "That's so," replied the constable with a

"Now, you see," said Henshaw, "we'll walk together up to my place. I'll go in at the front door and out at the back and go down by the river to Silt lane and up that to the deacon's garden. You'll come down the street and meet me there and stand outside while I skip he fence, open the back window and pocket

the swag."

Then followed more talk in a low tone. John is nephew, the deacon shouted, "Stand still taking the shears from his pocket, he lifted up the salvation of God."

Now, it came to pass just at this moment that he point of an offensive nail penetrated John's he point of an offensive nail penetrated John's about to quit the place, when a thought struck him, and, reaching out for the bull seye, he

departed.

When we reached home, he gave the lam when we reached home, he gave the lamp and piece of cloth to his astonished wife, an-swering her inquiries by saying that she must put both in a safe place until he asked for them. Then he changed his overcoat and coat for a rough jacket, and, saying that he would be back soon, left the house. When he go outside, he discerned two forms approaching from the direction of his new store. He stepped behind a bush until the persons should pass. As they drew near he heard Henshaw say:

"Why, man, it's all plain enough. Your lantern fell into the cellar, which is half full of water, and you might just as well have looked for a needle in a haystack as for that lantern in such a place."

Then the two men went on down the street. He watched them until they were beyond his uncle's store, then he crossed the street and hastened with quick step toward Deacon Red-man's place. When he came to Silt Lane, which ran by the side of the store, he turned down it,

sprang over the garden fence, ascended the open piazza in the rear, broke a pane of glass, opened the window and in a moment was within the small parlor at the back of his uncle's store. He found the desk easily enough, but it dence of a mighty reserve of strength. Out in the woods of a Sunday or holiday, he shouted and sang and gamboled around with his companions, brimful of joyous life and good nature. Fou may be sure that many a pretty girl glanced with admiring eyes upon the tall and stalwart youth, but up to this time he was heart the day leading into the store was locked and he had nothing to open it. If the had only had his jackknife it would have been useful; in fact, just the thing he been a handy tool. As it was, however, he had nothing that would do. The bacon knife would have answered the purpose, but the days leading into the store was locked. but the door leading into the store was lock something that would do for a l One of Deacon Redman's customers was Phil Henshaw, who kept a groggery at the other and of the town. He was a man of loose character and had been in state prison, it was boldly said, for highway robbery. One day Henshaw entered the deacon's store and spoke gratify, accusing the deacon of having supplied him it gave him a purchase, and by main force he tore open the lid. In another moment he had

"That's just it, marm," said Joe; I come to tell ye. Your husband, marm, is in jail; cause why? He was caught by me and a friend com-mitting a burglary at his uncle's store."

If Archangel Gabriel and all the heavenly host had suddenly descended and announced that John Todd had been translated to paradise and changed into a winged scraph, Alice and her mother, who joined her in time to hear the last statement, could not have been more as-

"Yes, marm, and you, Mistress Kilmar," continued Constable Joe, in a solemn voice, "we caught him in the act, coming over the fence with the deacon's cash box in his hand, and the back window broken and the desk all smashed and things, and he's there in jull with the handcuffs on him and the box all safe locked up, marm and Mistress Kilmar."

And then the constable hoped they'd excuse him, but he thought it neighborly to let them know, and wished them good night and turned away, and the mother and daughter sought the innermost room in the house and darkness, and mouned and wept and prayed until the murky morn stepped down from the hills. Then the jailor's ten-year-old boy, to whom John Todd had often given nuts and raisins, came to the door out of breath and at elbows and gasped out to Alice:

burn down the place and postpone the opening with uncommon dignity, and leading by the of his new store. f his new store.

He was married on Monday and the Sunday crowd was admitted and soon the room w

somewhat, but a chilly wind blew. His wife tried to persuade him not to go up to the new store, but it was just the sort of night, he said, to drive the tramps to seek for warmth and shelter. "Hearken to the wind," he said, as unconcernedly as though he was in church. All eyes were fixed upon him in a tonishment, and there were many whispered comments on his hardinood and shamelessness. The poor windows."

"Talking of that" said his wifer "I wish you would lop the twigs of the tree by the bedroom window, for they strike against the panes and startle me." and startle me."

"Get me my jackknife, Alice, out of my weekthou art my only sister's son. The Lord for-

affectedly he related what the readers already know. When he reached the point of his story

A voice said something in reply and next moment a hand appeared and placed a bull'seye lantern on the top of the ulster. Then the two persons began to converse in tones distinctly audible to John Todd.

"I know all about this," said Henshaw: "I've paid the deacon money a score of times, and he always keeps his cash in a tin box in the deak in his hask room. Tildeslay cover its later on the large Henshaw placed the distance of the said:

"Your honor, I request at this point that neither Phil Henshaw nor Constable Joe be allowed to quit the court room and that your honor take into your personal custody Henshaw's ulster."

With an affected laugh Henshaw placed the

he always keeps his cash in a tin box in the desk in his back room. Tildesley came into my place last night and treated all hands. He said he had just paid off the last of the mortgage and handed the deacon \$2,500. This was after the bank was closed, and the deacon had nowhere to put the money but in his desk. It's a lot of money, Joe."

"Yes, indeed it is," was the answer, and John Todd knew from the tones that Henshaw's companion was none other than Joe Sissons, the constable of the town.

"I'll be half for you and half for me," Henshaw continued. "and maybe there are a few shaw continued. "and maybe there are a few said he, there are a few shaw continued." "and maybe there are a few shaw continued." Still, there

Todd brought home the previous evening and gave to his wife for safekeeping.

Then John Todd resumed his testimony and

told how he clipped the piece from the ulster and appropriated the bull's-eye. Deacon Red-man, almost beside himself with joy, identified the bull's-eye as that which he had specially procured for Constable Joe a month before and the squire himself spread out the tail of and the squire himself spread out the tail of Henshaw's ulster on the desk and fitted the three-cornered fragment to its place. The audience was stirred as is the forest when a sudden gust sweeps through it. John Todd was discharged. "Take the handeuffs off hun," said the squire, but the miserable constable trembled so that

but the miscrable constable trembled so that he could not find the keys.
"Your honor," said John Todd, with a smile, "may I remove them?"
"Of course you may," the squire said. Where-upon John Todd gave his arms a twist and the

irons fell to the ground in pieces.
"Mr. Shenston and Mr. Marley," said the

and Philip Henshaw into custody, and they were duly committed for conspiracy with in-tent to commit a felony. And so it fell out that white Deacon Redman, John Todd, Alice, his wife, and Mistress Kelmar were celebrating together with good cheer the opening of the new store of Redman & Nephew, ex-Constable Joe Sissons and Philip Henshaw were eating the bread of atfliction and drinking the water of ffliction in state prison.

BOYLE O'REILLY'S PRISON LIFE. Curious Study From the Pen of the Late

Poet and Patrio The forthcoming "Life, Poems and Speeches" of John Boyle O'Reilly will contain the subfoined, which was found among his manu-

scripts:

One meets strange characters in prison, characters which are at once recognized as being natural to the place, as are bats or owls to a cave. Prison characters, like all others, are seen by different men in different lights. For instance, a visitor passing along a corridor, and glancing through the iron gates or observation holes of the cells, sees only the quiet, and, to him, sullen-looking convict, with all the crimesuggesting bumps largely developed on his suggesting bumps largely developed on his shaven head. The same man will be looked upon by the officer who has charge of him as one of the best, most obedient and industrious of the prisoners, which conclusion he comes to by a closer acquaintance than that of the visitor, although his observations are still only of exteriors. No man sees the true nature of the convict but his fellow convict. He looks at him with a level glance and sees him in a common atmosphere. However convicts deceive their prison officers and chaplains, which they do in the majority of cases, they never deceive their fellows.

fellows.
I was a convict in an English prison four years ago, and, before the impressions then re-seived are weakened or rubbed out by time, it

it gave him a purchase, and by main force he tore open the lid. In another moment he had grasped the well-known tin cash box; and, with a joyous thrill, he passed through the window, dropped lightly from the piazza, mounted the solid wooden fence, leaped into the lane andfound himself in the clutches of Constable Joe and Phil Henshaw.

"We've got you, you young thief," exclaimed Henshaw, who, with unbounded satisfaction, identified the burgiar as John Todd.

"Yes, we've tricked you this time," the constable said.

"Tut the nippers on him, Joe," Henshaw said with a chackle; "he il assautt no more honest citizens for some time to come."

"He's got the deacen's money box." said Constable Joe in a tone of horror; "a robbing of his own flesh and blood. Here, Henshaw, hold the box while I handcen' him."

Henshaw took the box and Constable Joe slipped the handcan's over the wrists of John Todd, who stood unresisting—thoroughly creatfallen and astounded, as his captors supposed. Then with many taunts and bitter words, to which John answered never a word, the captive was led to the jail and locked up.

Meanwhile Alice and her mother were wondering at John Todd's prolonged absence. Eleven clock came and passed and no sign was there of him. The women became alarmed. About a quarter-past elevon a knock came at the door and Alice quickly answered it. A man stood there all muffled up, whom it wasnot difficult to recognize as Constable Joe Sissons.

"Oh, where is my husband?" asked Alice, with a shudder, for the appearance of the constable songested all kinds of horrible things to her mind.

"That's just it, marm," said Joe; "I come to thinking that where they least expect it they thave they down the remove all fears of those who are thinking that where they least expect it they have full be difficult and there we thinking that where they least expect it they have full be deven a soldier in a cavalry regiment and had been a soldier in a cavalry regiment and had been a soldier in a cavalry regiment and had been a soldier in a twenty years), the first place I would visit would be one of the old prisons. Remember, my name and many a passing thought are scratched and written on many a small place within those cells, which I perfectly well recollect, and it would be a great treat to go back some day and read them. And then, during the time I was in prison, I got acquainted with thousands of professional criminals, old and young, who will be the occupants of the English jails for the next twenty years; and I confess it would be of great interest to me to go fess it would be of great interest to me to go back and walk the corridor with all the brim-ming respectability of a visitor, and stop when I saw a face I knew of old, and observe how time and villiany had dealt with it.

Boone: "Blodgers is very eco

Rowe: "Yes, he always takes any cough miture that his babies leave over." Miss Sere-"And so this is your birthday

never wastes anything, I believe."

HEADGEAR FOR LADIES. se of the Earliest Spring Designs From

THE ONCE FAMILIAR PHRASE, "EASTER I bonnet," has now no significance to cars polite. Society, indeed, has decreed that it is, if anything, rather a vulgarity to appear in new headgear on Easter day, but if the spring millinery is too enticing to be resisted the various hats and bonnets may be procured and worn whenever the weather will permit. And, at all events, they're allowable at all afternoon functions and, of course, at the theater any time after February 1. This year the display began unusually early and is remarkably attractive. The materials are richer than ever these are the entire hats made of silk and tinsel passementerie and a large variety of fancy straw braids, which the artistic milliners combine with ribbons and flowers and fasten upon frames of unique shape.

The following sketches, just received from New York, show the latest Hedfern designs.



The upper of these two models is a flaring brimmed hat of Chantilly lace, with a soft crown banded with tinsel ribbon and a bonquet of rose pink azaleas just in front. The smaller hat is a toque of pale apple greet gauze embroidered in white and go d and it trimming is satin ribbon of a darker green and



The first of these three wears a bonnet of maize colored chiffon all embroidered with gold and brown flies. A large butterfly all a glitter with gold spangles is fluttering just over the forehead. The middle hat is of drawn crepe, with some brownish green foliage and pale pink flowers, most of which are massed at the back. The last one is a delicate gray chip, with convoluted brim, under which is a half wreath of pale purple asters. Loops of silver gray ribbon and another bunch of the ribbons are on the outside. These Redfern models emare on the outside. These Redfern models em-body all the newest conceits and are quite dif-ferent from anything to be seen in the millin-

Among the passengers brought to Tamps steamer, says a correspondent of the Evening Wisconsin, was a handsome young scion of a big sugar planter of Matanzas, whom for convenience we may mention as Senor Alfedo Valle. He was just from college and off for New York and Paris to spend his vacation.

He purchased a direct ticket to Jersey City, and he entered the first-class coach, of course. The him rewished a conductor, when he came

The big, raw-boned conductor, when he came through collecting tickets, eyed curiously this dark-complexioned Spanish don, and, until sud-denly reassured by sight of the latter's straight hair, had seemed to be puckering up his mouth to say something.

beautiful, well-dressed octoroon girl of about eighteen summers entered the car and took a eighteen summers entered the car and took a seat directly across from the young Spaniard. A nod of recognition passed between them. The girl seemed to understand Spanish, and the two were conversing in that sweet tropical tongue when the conductor came in. "Where's yer gwine?"

"To Gainesville," she answered.

"Well, git outen this kyar; the next is fur ningers."

niggers."
"Isn't this a first-class coach, sir?" "Yes."
"Well, I bought a first-class ticket."

"I don't give ur — what yer bought—yer inigger. Git er move on yer."
The girl reddened, stammered out something I could not catch and hesitated. I could not catch and hesitated.

Just then the conductor felt the grip of the Spaniard upon his arm.

"Que quiere, senor? Que insulto es? (What do you want, sir; are you insulting this lady?)

The conductor trembled as a leaf, big as he was, but pretended not to understand the inter-

was, but pretended not to understand the interrogator.

The Spaniard spoke no English, but believing
he understood the situation, handed his pocketbook to the girl and told her to pay her fare.
She handed it back, thanking him for his gallantry, displaying at the same time her ticket
and check.

His eyes flashed fire; his clutch upon the
conductor's arm loosened; he threw his coat
open, displaying the brace of glittering revolvers that hung in his belt and quietly pointed to
the door.

the door.

The conductor took the hint.

It was afterward learned that the young octoroon, though a resident of New Orleans, is the wife of a wealthy young Cuban cigar manufacturer of middle Florida.

An Honest Effort -"You big, fat, lasy Housewife—"What work did you try?"
Dreary Draggles—"I tried to work the

PHASES OF A QUEER DISEASE. Grotesque Effects Produced in Afflicted With Aphasia.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Aphasia is defined in Ranney's "Lectures on ervous Diseases" as an impairment of the idea street yesterday and sat down at a table preof language or its expression, independent of paralysis of the tongue. It is commonly described as of two varieties—the sensory or amnesic form, in which the memory of words or symbols is more or less effaced, and the motor or ataxic form, in which the memory is perfect, but the subject cannot properly pronounce words from an inability to perfectly o-ordinate the muscles concerned in articulation. In the amnesic variety the most familand many novelties have been imported. Of iar objects are commonly misnamed and a great peculiarity is that the subject is often aware that the error has been committed, but is not able to correct it.

Some patients forget only names: others forget numbers. In certain reported cases the names of things only in dead or foreign languages were retained; in others the reverse had been observed, the patient losing all knowledge of acquired tongues. The sound of words often will not be recognized when the letters which form them will, and the reverse of this condition is not infrequently met with in aphasic patients.

dirion is not infrequently met with in aphasic patients.

In the ataxic variety of aphasia the patient can usually write what cannot be spoken, thus proving that the memory of words seen or heard is not effaced, but rather the ability to so co-ordinate the muscles of speech as to properly pronounce the words. Several cases have been found where the amnesic form gave place to the ataxic. An explanation of the general causes of this

An explanation of the general causes of this disease cannot be well given without using technical terms, which would be incomprehensible to the lay mind. It is sufficient to say that investigators have concluded that aphasia is consequent upon lesions of those certain areas of the brain wherein are centered the power for the normal exercise of the functions affected. The different phases or varieties of the disease indicate the parts affected. The most interesting facts in connection with the cortical cells of the brain have been demonstrated during the investigation of arbasia. cortical cells of the brain have been demon-with the during the investigation of aphasia.

Prof. Charcot reported a case where a gen-tleman could read by tracing the lines with his finger when a lesion of the brain had deprived him of his ability to recognize written or printed characters by sight. He could write with ease, but could read what he had written only by retracing the lines. Paraphrsia is the substitution of wrong words or symbols in conversation or writing. The remarkable fact is that the patient is conscious of his error, but cannot correct it. Nouns are more frequently lost than verbs. Patients of this sort often exercise great ingenuity in avoiding during conversation or writing the words they fail to properly recall. By means of oddly during conversation or writing the words they fail to properly recall. By means of oddly constructed sentences they often hide this defect in speech from strangers. In true motor aphasis patients cannot articulate correctly, a fact of which they are painfully conscious, and they often remain mute rather than subject themselves to ridicule or criticism. The ludicrous part of this phase of the disease is that in case certain words or phrases are retained or regained after the attack these words or expressions are used in a peculiar automatic way by the patient in reply to any question asked. These phrases or words are, of course, in the majority of cases absurdly irrelevant to the question asked. Dr. Ranney, in his work aircady quoted, cites a case reported by Hammond where a patient would reply "hell to Hammond where a patient would reply "hell to pay" under all circumstances. Another pa-tient's unvarying reply was, "I want protec-tion," and a third would say nothing but "um-

that condition in which from cerebral disand overcoat in the holls and hung his hat and overcoat in the hall instead of throwing suddenly or gradually lost is called agraphia.

The explanation of this condition rests in the fact that the patient has lost certain memories which previously enabled him to make the necessary finger movements for placing upon paper results obtained by his mental processes. This can describe the house and hung his hat and overcoat in the hall instead of throwing them down in a heap on the sofa in his usual fashion. Then he went on tiptoe upstairs, put on his best necktie, combed his hair carefully and came softly down the stairs again.

"Mary Jane!" he called out. "Where are now down?" sary finger movements for placing upon paper results obtained by his mental processes. This is certainly to the lay mind a most remarkable condition of affairs. It well illustrates the direction of the muscles from the brain, for the directing force being absent the muscles cannot town this morning?"

you, dear?"

"Out here," answered a voice in the kitchen. "Did you bring that package of chocolate I told you not to forget when you went down this morning?"

ondition of shares. It can be brain, for the ection of the muscles from the brain, for the lirecting force being absent the muscles cannot act.

An agraphis patient cannot write from dictation or copy from a printed slip, though he is not paralyzed or affected with writer's cramp, and though he can perform all other movements and three days of the can perform all other movements and three days of the can perform all other movements and three days of the can perform all other movements and though he can perform all other movements and the control of the muscles cannot town this morning?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Diltz, regretfully, as he went into the kitchen. "I forgot, dear."

Mrs. Diltz looked at him suspiciously. He hadn't called her "dear" for eleven years.

"You forgot it? Humph! I just expected it."

Why the said of the muscles cannot town this morning?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Diltz, regretfully, as he went into the kitchen. "I forgot, dear."

He was a dear little fellow, sir; the only child I ever had. I buried him here nineteen years are days old, but he was a dear little fellow, sir, and it almost killed me to give him up."

When the control of the muscles cannot have a single fellow, sir, and it almost killed in the control of the muscles cannot have a single fellow in the control of the muscles cannot have a single fellow in the control of the muscles cannot have a single fellow in the control of the control of the muscles cannot have a single fellow in the control An agraphia patient cannot write from dictation or copy from a printed slip, though he is not paralyzed or affected with writer's cramp, and though he can perform all other movements of the fingers not connected with the writing of letters or figures with his accustomed delicacy. The memory alone is at fault. In some instances delicate finger movements required in the mechanical trades or the use of musical instruments have been known to be suddenly taken away by a similar loss of motor memories. Such cases are not included under the first of the kitchen. "I forgot, dear."

Mrs. Diltz looked at him suspiciously. He hadn't called her "dear" for eleven years.

"You forgot it? Humph! I just expected it.

What are you up to now?"

This query, somewhat sharply uttered, was prompted by an unexpected forward movement on the part of Mr. Diltz.

"Don't you see I'm cleaning this chicken?" I've never been here since the day we buried him, but I knew I could come right to the spot. I've seen it in my mind every day for nineteen cut myself. I'm working at the gizzard. A man has no business poking round in the

forms of sensory aphasia due to lesions of dif-ferent portions of the brain. The word deaf-ness results from a lesion of the first temporal convolution. Patients suffering from it can be made to understand spoken language, be-cause their centers of hearing have been im-paired. It must be understood, however, that they are not deaf to sound. They can hear a word spoken, but cannot tell what it means, because they cannot appreciate the value of certain sounds. Their own tongue is as unintelligible to them as an unknown foreign language. This condition prevents the patient from speaking correctly because of his inabil-ity to recall the proper sound of many words previously employed by him. His efforts to read aloud will result in his utterance of a most ludicrous jergon of unintelligible sounds. The patient, however, will preceed solemnly with his reading, not being aware that his utterances are unnatural or inexpressive of the ideas he wishes to convey. The following case is quoted

from the bocks:

One such person was asked to read aloud the sentence: "You may receive a report from other sources of a supposed attack on a British consul general. The affair is, however, unworthy of consideration." The patient proceeded to read seriously and steadily as lirected, and as nearly as could be taken is what he said:
"So sur wisjee coy wenement apripsy fro

"So sur wisjee coy wenement apripsy fro freny fenement wiy a seconce cos foz no Sophias a the freckled pothy conollied. This affair eh oh cont oh curly of consequences."

This patient could not write to dictation, though he could sign his name well and copy accurately. As he made each letter, however, he would attempt to name it aloud, but always pronounced some other letter.

Word blindness is due to a lesion of the visual centers in the occipital lobes. It is access

centers in the occipital lobes. It is accompanied by a loss of memory of the meaning of printed or written symbols. Patients afflicted with it can recognize familiar faces, but they cannot read correctly. They cannot properly read a given selection. They can often write from distation, but a less on the result of the property of the selection. from dictation, but cannot read what they have written. Unless "word deafness" is also present their conversational powers are not impaired. One patient, whose case is cited by Dr. Ranney, when asked to read, would make the most elaborate preparations, putting on his spectacles and taking some time adjusting himself comfortably. Then he would read aloud, saying things that had not the remotest connection with anything in the work before

let me know whether or not you consider it likely that A. B. will recover.

He looked at it very carefully and then slowly, deliberately and without much hesitation he "DEAR SIR: You are requested to bring this

note with you to the infirmary."

Then he said: "That is what I make of it. I Then he said: "That is what I make of it. I don't know whether it is right or not."

This same patient often tried to read a newspaper aloud and his wife said that he read a lot of stuff all made out of his own head. On one occasion she took the paper and read it to him. He was quiet for a time and then asked: "Is that what it says in that paper?" Being assured that his wife had read correctly, he said: "Well, then, I must be an idiot."

This igentieman often found fault with the newspapers, saying he did not know what was the matter with them, they contained such silly stuff nowadays. When, however, he found that the fault was in himself he gave up reading the papers. "Word blindness" would be a good excuse for a pupil who misconstrued when wrestling with his Latin recitation. It is not uncommon for word blindness and word deafness to be in conjunction, a fact which is easily explained by the close proximity of the visual and anditory centers. The term "apraxia" has been applied by some authors to cover a class of cases where, by disease of the cortical centers of sight, the patient has been rendered physically blind, not to the meaning of words, but to the most familiar objects and their uses. Such patients, after being disrobed and having their garments returned to them, express utter ignorance of the garments or their uses and have to be given instructions as to the manner of dressing themselves. Other patients are afflicted with "amimia"—that is, a lack of

mens and have to be given instructions as to to manner of dressing themselves. Other paties are afflicted with "amimia"—that is, a lack power to express the physical states by mea of gestures, though the meaning of gesture made by others may be appreciated.

Recovery from all these various forms aphasia is possible, but difficult. In cases word blindness the patient has to be instructed in his native tongue as a child is instructed where recovery fails paralysis and insant often follow.

NEVER TURNED A HAIR.

The Walter Not Surprised Even When the Diner Didn't Walk Out on His Head.

No Complaint, No Sign of Grief on the Part Which Reaches Back to an Early Indian Of the Bereaved Ones.

War. From the Chicago Tribune.

Two men went into a restaurant on Adams sided over by a solemn, gloomy-looking func-

tionary in black. One of the two merely ordered mutton chops and a enp of coffee, but the other looked carefully through the bill of fare, laid it down, re-

flected a few moments, and said: "Bring me a bunch of toothpicks." "Yes, sah."

They were brought and the solemn waiter

stood at his elbow, looking off into vacancy while the man picked his teeth. Another careful inspection of the bill of fare resulted in the order: "Bring me some ice cream."

"Bring me some ice cream."

The ice cream was brought and disposed of in a leisurely way, the bill of fare was examined again from top to bottom, said down as before and cogitated upon and an order for lemon pie was given to the solemn waiter.

The pie was brought and eaten in the same calm, methodical way, the bill of fare studied again and an order given for stewed press and calm, methodical way, the bill of fare studied again and an order given for stewed peas and sliced cucumbers.

The imperturbable waiter stood respectfully by while these were slowly devoured.

"You may bring me some roast beef and brown potatoes," announced the guest after another prolonged study of the bill of fare.

"Yes, sah."

These were brought and laid before him and

These were brought and laid before him, and

he ate them with great deliberation, after which the bill of fare was subjected to another

"Some bread and butter, if you please."
"Yes, suh." absorbed the meiancholy waiter stood motion-less looking off into vacancy as before. "I think I'll take a bowl of tomato soup," said the guest, after another exhaustive perusal of the printed slip.

"Yee, sah."

The waiter brought the soup and stood like a

statue of gloom until it was disposed of.
Once more the bill of fare was brought into requsition.
"Now bring me half a dozen blue points on the half she

"Yes, sah."
"Hold on! You needn't do it," exclaimed the guest. "I give it up. My friend here offered to bet me that there was a waiter at this res-taurant that wouldn't bat his eye if I should eat a square meal wrong end foremost and I took him up. I'm out \$5, but I've learned

something."
"Yes, sch," remarked the funercal waiter, and as the two guests picked up their checks and made their way to the cashier's desk he stood erect, with folded arms, looking selemnly

From the Chicago Tribune.
"T'll do it?"

Polhemus Diltz laid down the paper he was reading, put his nose glasses back in his pocket, took his hat and overcoat down from their hook and started home.

"I'll do it," he repeated to himself, as he walked along. "I'll court my wife as if she were a girl again, the way the fellow did in that newsa girl again, the way the fellow did in that newspaper story. I expect it'll go pretty tough," he
reflected, throwing away his cigar and wiping
his mouth carefully as he approached his home.
"I've been a good deal of a rhinocerous about
the house and it's a hard thing to break off old
habits all at once, bu: I'll give it a trial if it
takes the hide off."

Mr. Diltz entered the house and hung his hat

the woman, "but I can go to it." you, dear?"

of the grave, for I'd no money to buy a stone. "We moved west soon afterward and we've

"What are you all slicked up for, anyhow? Going anywhere?"

"No, love. I expect to spend the rest of the day at home. I came an hour or two earlier, thinking—"

"I wish you had brought that chocolate. That's what I wish."

"Darling," said Mr. Diltz, "I—that's no way to go to work at a gizzard. Let me—"

"Maybe you know more about this kind of work than I do. Maybe I haven't cleaned hundreds of chickens since I've been keeping house. What are you snooping around out house. What are you snooping around out here for, anyhow, with your hair all plastered

mind and body, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body she cannot en-dure the common demands made upon her, and ill temper follows, writes Agnes B. Arms-

here for, anyhow, with your hair all plastered down and that smirk on your face?

"My dearest Mary Jane, I—"

"Polhemus," broke in his wife, laying down the portion of the fowl's anatomy she had been dissecting, and looking at him keenly. "what on earth is the object of this palavering? What new dodge are you trying to work now?"

"Why, Mary Jane, I've made up my mind to try to get along with you in a dif—"

"To get along with we? What do you mean? Do you tell me I'm hard to get along with?"

"Not at all, Mary Jane; not at ail. I was only going to say that we might live together more comfortably, you know, if—er—if we'd quit this quarreling and be sociable, you know, as we used to be. There's no need of us acting like cats and dogs—"

mother has any right to get so tired. It takes too much out of her children's life. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.

The careless or shallow woman says: "I was overworked. It made me cross," and she considers that admission the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries. cats and dogs—"
"Who says we act like cats and dogs? Look
here, Polhemus, you've been drinking."
"It's a blamed l—now, Mary Jane, don't you siders that admission the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries over it, prays for it, sheds bitter tears—and then the trouble repeats itself. The remedy lies near at hand. Let a mother find out what makes her cross and then let her avoid the cause if possible. If social pleasures weary her let them be decidedly lessened. If there is too much sewing, too much cooking or too many household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts cause the severe strain stop economizing at such a cost. That is the worst of wastes. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, a mother's strength. Even the extent of one's religious and philauthropic work should be carefully examined, and if the trouble lies there, calmly and wisely dismiss some or all of it from the list of duties, for "what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is surprising how easily seeming interests or needs

give way to that temper of yours!"
"Who started this fuss?" "You did."
"I didn't. You did yourself."

"You did."

"You did."

"You know better."

"Tell your wife she lies, do you? Well. it isn't the first time. If you have any business to attend to at your office there will be plenty of time for you to do it before supper. I'll get along. I don't need any help on this chicken."

"Diddledy dad-swing the dag-gone old hen!" shouted Mr. Diltz, beside himself with rage.

"Dad-swizzle its gol-dinged old carcass!"

He went out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind him, and in less than a quarter of a minute later he was on his way back to his office, muttering excitedly to himself and crushing the inoffensive sidewalk hard beneath his vindictive heel as he strode along.

Mr. Diltz has not entirely given up the idea of courting his wife, but he has registered a cast iron yow never to undertake the job again when she is anatomizing a chicken.

From the San Francisco Examiner.
On Howard street the other day a benevolent old gentleman beheld a little six-year-old girl walking gravely along with a basket on her arm. Patting the chubby tot under the

"And where are you going my pretty maid?"

"And where are you going my pretty maid?"

"Give thee good day, gray beard," replied the midget. "My father bade me to the shambles hie for a fat haunch."

"W-w-hat?" ejaculated the old party.

"Haply thou knowest him—the good man Skidmore?" inquired the tiny dame.

"No-o-o," said the gentleman, much puzzled.

"You're a quaint little thing. Come with me and I'll hus you some candy." his name Kal-lak-a-wah. I think the right pro nunciation is Kal-lah-ka-way."
"Very nearly correct," observed the mi who was chewing a toothpick. "Kal-a-kah-wah however, comes a little nearer to it, unless am much mistaken."

"I have always called it Kal-a-kau-ah," remarked the hungry-looking man in the sloud

need be blythe. Their patience stays upon my coming."

"Good-bye, then," said the old gentleman.

"Rest yon, merry master," and dipping a little courtesy, the mite trotted off.

"Bless me, what an extraordinary child," said the gentleman to a by-stander.

"Oh! that's nothing," replied the other.

"You see, she's the daughter of the heavy tragedian at Morosco's Theater, and I suppose they talk so much of that kind of lingo in the family that it comes natural to her. Don't hear anything else, you see." "Nandwich Islander wouldn't know whom you meant by that," spoke up the man with the cork leg. "Kal-a-ka-tony is the way to pronounce it."
"Come off," said the man who had his feet on the table. "What's the matter with Kal-a-ka-h?" on the table. "What's the matter with Kale-ko-ah?"
"Or Kale-kah-wah," suggested the night

ookkeeper, who has just struck a trial balance— Say, look yere, Bill, we're a runuin' behin' an'

SWEDISH MOURNING.

may still adhere to his oddities and habits of

encouragement from his fellows and probably

finds that often ridicule takes the place of the

HER BABY'S GRAVE.

"Where is the grave?" asked the sexton.

"This is it, sir; this is it," said the woman,

WHEN MOTHERS ARE CROSS. They Sow Bitter Feelings by Using Hasty

At no time in her busy days is an intelligen

mother so apt to fold the arms and close the

eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross-

simply and undoubtedly cross. This cross-ness is chiefly caused by fatigue—weariness of

bee in Harper's Bazar. She sows bitter feel-ings and repels loving attentions with her

irritable hasty words. Broadly speaking, no

mother has any right to get so tired. It take

A Little Discussion Over the Late King

Kalaksus's Name. "Poor Kalakaus!" said the man who wa

oasting his shins at the radiator. "He wasn't half as bad a king as the papers made him."

"That may be true," replied the man in the big brown nieter, "but I notice you pronounce

expected approbation.

It is remarkable how foreigners domiciled in The following account of the murder of A. J. this country still cling to their native customs. Bolan, Indian agent at Fort Simcoe, says the This is especially true when they are congre-Head River Glacier, was given by an old Indian gated in large numbers. The single German, now a resident at White Salmon, Wash., who Frenchman or Norwegian who has made his | bad it direct from the lips of Chief Gwhi's son home in some portion of this land of liberty just before his execution, who, with his two

companions, was hung by Col. Wright at Simold, but he does not meet with the necessary | coe agency for this most unprovoked and coldblooded murder. War and rumors of war were rife. A vagne War and rumors of war were rife. A vague uneasiness rested upon the isolated families of castern Oregon. The government, with its usual stupidity and criminal negligence, had failed to provide any adequate protection against the numerous hordes of savages that roamed the eastern plains. The few straggling roamed the castern plains.

Last summer a field hand on one of the farms in North Dakota was struck by lightning and instantly killed. The proprietor of the farm notified the parents of the unfortunate Swede of their son's fate. They were an old couple who owned and farmed one of those quarter-section tracts that Uncle Sam gives away so lavishly, says a writer in the Illustrated American. They had been in this country for many companies of blue coats that were within reach were as a rule poorly officered and totally unac-quainted with Indian tactics and were held in supreme contempt by their dusky opponents. Numerous murders had been committed on the frontier and there were ominous signs of can. They had been in this country for many years, their son was born here, and yet, when it came to the solemnity of burial, they reverted at once to the memories of their land and its an impending storm, a general uprising of the tribes of eastern Oregon and Washington the the coming spring only too surely fulfilled. Col. Wright in his helpless indignation uttered threats of direct. The parents did not even go to view the body nor attend to its preparation for the grave. Friends brought it home in an ordinary farm wagon, and then, instead of carrying it into the threats of direct vengeance should the red man persist in his little game of scalping, and the certain result of an Indian war, with its usual accompaniment of rapine and murder, was

wagon, and then, instead of carrying it into the house, placed the remains upon a wide plank, resting on two upturned barrels in the stable. Horses grew restive, as they always will when placed near a corpse. The cattle forgot to munch their hay, and cowered back in the stalls, showing their realization that something unusual was happening. All this while the dead boy's parents were busy within doors donning their best apparel: the aged mother even hunted up an old hair trunk, from the depth of which an odd and peculiar sort of miter was accompaniment of rapine and murder, was upon us in our helplessness.

On September 15, 1885, Indian Agent Bolan left the Dalles on horseback for the agency at Simcoe. He was just returning from a hurried trip to the Williamette valley and was hurrying back on account of the restless condition of the Yakimas, some of whom had been accused of various times to the condition of the restless condition of the conditi participating in some of the recent murders.

At the Dalles he was arged not to undertake which an odd and peculiar sort of miter was taken, decorated with ribbons of all possible At the Dalles he was arged not to undertake the trip alone, but fearing no personal violence he started alone and unarmed. On his way through the kinckitat valley he overtook three Yakima Indians accompanied by three square all on their way toward his destination. The trail ran somewhere near where the present wagon road does, on the western slope of the Simcoe mountains. The distance, eighty miles, being too great to make that day camp and impossible colors. This she solemnly placed upon her head, as she had seen it done in the far away home, so long ago, near the North Cape.
They then took chairs, side by side, in their They then took chairs, side by side, in such living room and waited.

After awhile friends arrived, many of them wearing odds and ends of costume brought from over the ocean scores of years ago.

Then all, excepting the parents, adjourned to the stable, collecting around the body of the dead man where refreshments were served, and returning to the fire, divided his horse, and, returning to the fire, divided his horse, and returning to the fire divided his horse.

dead man, where refreshments were served, and an occasional low, walling song was chanted. After this they proceeded to the burial ground, ten miles away, and the last sad rites were perscanty store of biscuits and butter with his dusky companions, little dreaming of the awful fate so close before him. The conversation turned upon the recent murders and very unwisely Bolan reiterated Wright's ponderous formed after the same simple manner. Strangest of all, the two beings most interthreats of vengeance and extermination.

Then, and not till then, was Bolan's design

Strangest of all, the two beings most interested still sat within doors, in solemn silence, decorated with their quaint relics of dress. They declined to accompany the funeral cortege, and hours afterward, when the mourners and friends had returned, were sitting immovable as though spellbound. Supper for the entire assemblage concluded this rather ghostly performance, but the old people who had lost their boy still sat silently as before, without an expression of complaint or plea for decided upon. Two of the three quieti-stepped behind him and pinioned his arms while the third seized him around the legs and threw him to the ground, where he was se-curely tied hand and foot. When this was accurely tied hand and foot. When this was accomplished his capters held a consultation as to the the disposition to be made of the captive. Bolan pleaded piteonsly for his life, but to hearts that knew no pity. One of the savages seized him by the har, and, drawing his head across his knee, cut his throat from ear to cap. without an expression of complaint or plea for sympathy. Was this a lack of feeling or The body was then placed upon his horse and carried some distance below the trail, where the horse was also killed, and both bodies covnot found until after the murderers were caught by members of their own tribe and handed over to the military for punishment. Then one of the three disclosed the location of the body, which was taken to Vancouver for burial. Baneroft's version states that the murderers tried to destroy both bodies by harving. This statement is proved the body The keeper of a cemetery in one of the eastern states was at work in the cemetery not long ago, says the Youth's Companion, when a poorly dressed and feeble-looking gray-haired woman entered the gate and said that she wanted to make arrangements for setting up a small tomb- burning. This statement is incorrect; the bodies

Wearing Overshoes in Dry Weather, "I can't tell you just where it is," answered From the Boston Post. I have noticed during the dry walking of the She led the way to a remote corner, where last two days many persons using "rubbers, there were few graves, and there, close to a as if the streets still retained the mud and pine tree and almost hidden under its low-grow- sinsh that were the results of the last snow ing branches, was a little, sunken, neglected wearers of rubbers as a result of vielding to whenever I have worn rubbers under stress of weather I have been only too glad to cast them off at the first favorable opportunity, but many persons persist in keeping them on even at places of amusement, where they feel perticu-larly oppressive from the high temperature. This tamely yielding to the arbitrary influence of an uncomfortable article of dress should be a or an uncomfortable article of dress should be a warning against letting habit get the advantage of principle in such matters. I have heard that, in some places in New England where the winter's cold is ordinarily severe, "arctics" are a feature of indoor gayeties, and that the "Portland Fancy," "All the Way to Boston. rs" in dry weather, lest they fall

"We moved west soon afterward and we've been kept poor all the time, but I've saved, little by little, all these years, and now I want to have his grave fixed up and a little stone put to it—the dear little fellow!" She laid her wet cheeks down in the rank and tangled grass and tenderly stroked the sunken clay, and the sexton quietly withdrew, leaving her alone with her dead.







Mr. Hatter (from Canajoharie)-"I tel

